K D, C

A True and Exact

COPY

Of ſome Paſſionate

LETTERS

AND

VERSES,

As they were Writ, and ſent by a Perſon of Quality to the LADY——

LONDON,
Printed for *N. R.* in *St. Paul's Church-yard.*

BRITISH
MUSEUM

TO

Sir CHARLES GAUDY

Knight and Baronet,

OF

DEBUHAM

In the County of SUFFOLK.

SIR,

THese Papers lighting into my Hands, and finding something in them, no less remarkable than different to the general

Practises of the present Age; I could not force my self to admit of their Concealment, and indeed the greater was my inducement to their Publication. When, Sir, you were brought by the perusal of them fresh to my Memory, as being owner of all those excellent Qualifications they so lively represent, and are requisite in Persons to whom things of this nature are Dedicated; These Reasons I soon found too powerful to be refused by what I could alledge against giving you this trouble, and skreening this my Friend under your Protection. The greatest fault you'll find in him, was, that he Lov'd; but he Lov'd well, which perswades me, that according to the Character you deservedly bear in the World,

you

you will find something that so nearly resembles your self, as will make it difficult to distinguish the one from the other. He like you has felt that Passion ever produced in a Soul fraught with Love and Tenderness, which makes me presume you'll be pleased to esteem this no improper Address; and really, Sir, notwithstanding these Perfections, with the addition of sincere Friendship and Generosity, which I never knew him failing in. I should yet despair of his Pardon, for making his Letters publick; had I not presented them to your Patronage, it having been his greatest Care and Concernment these many years to keep them from the censorious World, and himself in a Retirement, little di-

stant from being Buried to all his Acquaintance, except when his Quality rendred his publick Appearance unavoidable; and so fond was he of his own Choice, that he would often protest to me, he found more Content in his little Cell, by Contemplating upon that dear Person to whom these Letters were writ, and her Idea that was always present with him, than Courts or Crowns could give him; In short, nothing was able to draw him from his Fidelity, which would bear many things to be said in his Commendation; but I shall forbear all flourishes, either upon his Faith or Constancy in this place; being well assured, you'll find in the following Papers, what will convince you of this, better than any thing I

can

can possibly say; and withal, how great a Reproach his Constancy is, to the Levity of all Pretenders to Love in our days; which makes me have very little more to add, only that Methridatia, Delia *and* Asteria, *all imply one and the same Person; and accordingly my Friend assum'd the three subsequent Names,* Callimichus, Polierchus, *and* Orantes, *in order to carry on their Amour with the greater Secresie. If Sir, you take any satisfaction in looking upon the excellent Endowments of his Mind, tho' far short of the great Perfections of your own: I hope you'll be pleased to pardon my Presumption in Dedicating this little Book to you, whose Protection for it is the greatest of my Ambition, and whose Mercy I will not*

dispair

despair, of having had a thousand occasions of knowing your Generosity, which extends it self to all People, and more particularly to,

SIR,

Your most Humble,

and Obedient Servant,

C. D.

Some paſſionate Letters and Verſes, &c.

SInce this, Madam, Addreſſes it ſelf to you, ſhrowded under ſuch a permiſſion as can defend it, from the violence of thoſe apprehenſions that attended my laſt; You may eaſily gueſs how I wiſh every Letter laden with ſuch a legible Gratitude, and adorn'd with ſo ſubmiſſive a Reverence, as might agreeably repreſent the power of your Merit, and the paſſionate Admiration I have of it. But Madam, it is as equally above my Hope, as my Capacity. And I ſhall only beſeech your Ladyſhip, you will illuſtrate the Senſe of the one, by your Knowledge of the other, and then, tho' you may ſtill believe I want enough to make

the return proportionable, yet you will no longer doubt my paying all. These are not, Madam, the ſuddain Impreſſes upon Senſe only, nor the immediate effects of that Fury which ſo commonly ſurprizeth, tho' I muſt confeſs I have with Impatience and Delight felt the influences of *Methridatia*'s Eyes; but all that conſideration, years, and a hopeleſs reſiſtance could do, have ſo fataly convinced my reaſon, as what was but at firſt my inclination, hath long ago ſo much become my Judgment, as pardon me for having often concluded with my ſelf, 'twas no crime to acknowledge or ſubmit to what I ſaw was inevitable. Yet Madam, they who have ſet the moſt refined Rules, and made ſuch Diſcoveries the nicities of Romances, have never doom'd them to ſo long a confinement, nor produced more misfortunes for an expiation; if therefore the ſilent Oratory of Unhappineſs, or the dumb Eloquence of Reſpect for ſo long a time paſt, can be any obligation to your being farther acquainted with what had ſo blameleſs

leſs a beginning, let me be forgiven: for ſeeing you would admit its continuance, and I here proteſt by all that's Sacred, it ſhall never know the violation of your Commands; and can a Paſſion deſtitute of pretences, by the merit its paid to, deſtructive of its own being by Arrogance or Diſobedience, and hopeleſs of any Favour but what its Humility may intitle it to, be rejected or deſpiſed by one whoſe Generoſity is extenſive enough to oblige the World, and yet diſcerning enough to know the propereſt Objects for that venture; put me paſt this doubt, I beſeech you, and let me know, that till you have a greater exception to my admiring you, then that I do admire you, it ſhall be allowed: Oh Madam, charm me with a favourable Return, as you have done with your Beauty, your Humour and your Wit, and permit me to tell you, that all the Reaſon and Senſes I have, are tributary to ſeveral of your Perfections; nay, ſo irrevocably fixed, that like the Earth, it cannot looſe its Nature, tho' it

may its prolifick Virtue, when it lyeth benighted under the abſence of the Sun, or where it never knows the power of a fertile Shower; Forgive this, and let me know it, unleſs you wiſh me the unhappieſt of Men.

Madam,

'Twas Heat and Light that firſt made Mortals pay
Devotion to the beauteous Orbe: and they
Whom Balmy Sweets, and perfum'd Flowers made gueſs
Their Gods ſuch fragrant Manſions did poſſeſs.
Pay but what Love and humbleſt Zeal inſpire,
Sweets became Incenſe, and Sacred was the Fire.
'Tis true, then Zeal, not Merit, made Men bow,
And ſuch blind Honours you may diſallow
But you've diſperſed the Cloud and Merit here.
Refines the Power and the Worſhipper
Forgive me then, if I implore you now,
To lay but at your Feet an humble Vow.

The

The Paſſion which I pay ſhall ne'r diſ-
pence
With Duty, Promiſes, or Reverence,
At other Altars I'le ne'r kindle Fire
Beyond what you'll allow, I'll not aſpire
When theſe don't guide my Paſſion, let me
Die,
Scorn'd and unpitied in my Infamie.
Till then, deign but to ſee thoſe radiant
Eyes,
Inform me of my Fate, for there it lies.
Oh let that ſweet and gentle influence,
Which charms at once our Reaſon and
our Senſe,
Drop Joys into my Soul, from whence
ſhall riſe.
All that makes a grateful Sacrifice;
And think not, Madam, that you are leſs
Your own, for being thus the Happineſs
Of——Polierchus.

II.

WHat ſweet *Mithridatia* terms Captivity, ſhe has no reaſon to be diſſatisfied withal; ſince being confined by no other obligation than her Parole, nor no longer by that, than

whilſt ſhe is treated with all the reſpect and ſubmiſſion that can be due to a Princeſs; it may more properly be called Generoſity, the Deſert as well as Demerit of what ought to be paid her, having long ago juſtified a Remove; 'tis therefore generous *Mithridatia* that makes her obliging *Mithridatia*. And ſince I can find out no other reaſon to hope for her Favour, than that which makes her give it; She can be no longer tyed, than ſhe declines making uſe of her Authority, and happy *Call*. That it ſo falls out, for had *Call*, by ſurprize, or her own negligence diveſted her of it, ſhe could not have failed of regaining it by the acceſſion of new Force, or by the weakneſs of that, by which I muſt have maintained it; but having laid down ſome part of her own Power, having deſcended from her Throne to raiſe a Peaſant to the foot of it; it would be a greater violation of her Generoſity to depreſs him now, than if ſhe had never exalted him; You ſee Madam, the Terms I own to ſtand upon, I think it tacitly acknowledges

ledges all the Duty of my Soul, for my Happineſs, and that being ſo cloſely allied, I muſt chuſe to be miſerable when I ceaſe to be obedient; if you will therefore take a right eſtimate of the diſproportion between poor *Call.* and charming *Mithridatia*, there can be no room for diffidence, but what either ſevere *Mithridatia* the other day ſaid of her ſelf, or from an Opinion I ſhall conſpire to be the executioner of my own Delights, preferring Reproach and Affliction, before Honour and Content; I think I may lawfully Swear, I ſhall not do this, and as ſecure I am againſt the other; Pardon me, charming *Mithridatia*, that I vow, amongſt other things, to have admired you for being juſt contrary to the Characters you gave of your ſelf, and I am ſure I am not miſtaken, the Conditions upon which you admit my Reſpects, juſtifying my Belief; if therefore the having all that one can wiſh, or think of to Love and Admire, be any ſecurity that one ſhould Love and Admire it: If our Reaſon and our Senſes can conduct

us to the ſole Object of our Deſires; I am undoubtedly brought within proſpect of all that Intereſt, Inclination and Reaſon can think moſt valuable; there is no Soul ſo ſtupid, whoſe Delights are not comprehended in theſe, not to be fixed when theſe are attained, is to make it the pittifulleſt piece of the Creation; but we are better informed by thoſe inferior Agents which all acquieſce in their Centers; And is Man alone the worſe for being endued with the Happineſs of a nobler, and more certain guide, than all the World beſides, to be falſe to this Direction is to turn Beaſt, to deſtroy the Delights we aſpire at, and wilfully extinguiſh that *Glorious* Light which the bounty of Fate hath allowed us; there is therefore fine *Mithridatia*, a period to a rational Man's Inconſtancy, a time when he is paſt another Choice, by the Laws of his own Content; If you can therefore allow me Reaſon enough to know what I like, you muſt conclude me paſt a farther ſearch; and that tho' I am as far from its poſſeſſion, as if I had

had not found it, yet that I know where all that is delightful duely, I thought my ſelf ſecure for one halfe Hour, but I am called and can only ſay, that I am with all the Paſſion and Reſpect imaginable *Mithridatia*'s Admirer: altho' I am infinitely ſatisfied, Deareſt *Mithridatia*, that upon the ſtricteſt inquiry, I cannot inform my ſelf, whether has the greateſt prevalency upon my Soul, my Paſſion, or my Reſpect; yet I cannot but confeſs the different Conſiderations they infuſe, are oftentimes my diſturbance, the preſent conteſt about this humble Offering, hath admitted of ſuch a Diſpute, as ſhould I ſtay to hear what both could ſay, I might probably loſe the opportunity, you will ſee the ſucceſſion of this, which being carried in favour of my Deſires, I am reſolved to hope it will be as agreeable that I have waved the Rules of Ceremony, by ſo ſuddainly purſuing you with this trouble, as that I ſhould have paid you that Compliment by the omiſſion of this: Sweet Charming *Mithridatia*, tho' I am not

ſo far raiſed upon the ſteps to Happineſs, as to believe my Paſſion were the gratefulleſt Sacrifice I can make you; yet I ſhould be too low for one that is admitted to make uſe of his Ambition in the ſervice of ſo fine a Woman; if I thought you took no notice of its neglect, I will not ſo much as doubt then your forgiving this, but looking upon the greateſt Indulgence to be moſt properly a Virtue of the greateſt power, I beg of you to uſe it as a thing of your own Creation, the Genuine effect of that Beauty, Wit, and Generoſity which hath made me the moſt paſſionate, and the moſt faithful of Men. Oh *Mithridatia*! How do you allay the pleaſure I take in this Contemplation, by ſaying it cannot be, and if it were it could not make you happy: Had you only mentioned your doubt, I had not deſpair'd of its conviction, but if its aſſurance cannot confirm your Happineſs, How little do I fear you wiſh it; 'tis true, I ought not to ſet ſo narrow limits to what deſerves the whole World. But

Madam,

Madam, ſince not a Multitude but Fidelity; not Extent, but Obedience makes both Dominion and Happineſs, Why may not you enjoy both? where the Territory is not ſmall, as the Duty is large; It is not here confined by thoſe common Conſiderations of Convenience or Satisfaction; Let but *Mithridatia* propoſe, and if I obey not implicitely, let her make me as much the Object of her Contempt, as I wiſh to be of her Favour: Why ſhould you be ſo great a ſtranger to the happineſs of being Abſolute in the Breaſt of your Admirer; it muſt be the deſerts of the place you are admired in, that prevent it, and thoſe methinks you have too long known to turn ſo ſeverely upon now: beſides, I reſolve to transform them into ſomething ſo fit for the ſervice I deſign you, that you ſhall not only make me a better Lover, but a better Man than ever I was; this claim to your kindneſs you ought not to deny, it being the conſequent of ſuch a Merit, and ſuch a Love, as I beg of you to aske Sweet——Whether it were

were not a crime to part them, ? If you will let her be the Prieſt, ſhe ſhall at our next meeting, pronounce them inſeparable, and then ſhould my journey prove my death ; I ſhall have all the ſatisfactions, that being parted from you can admit; and if there be ſuch a thing in the next State, as retaining our leaſt ſentiments here, they will have Purity and Innocence enough to be my Companions there, Adieu.

Sweet as the Breezes Eaſtern Winds convey,
As breath of Cows, or Roſe at break of Day.
She breaths a Wit, as ſweet as Flowers to Senſe,
And o'er my Soul ſhe hath ſuch influence,
That when but near me in a Thought ſhe's come,
My Breaſt for nothing elſe can find a room.
Did you know fine Aſteria, *you would ſay,*
She's gently Great, Obliging, Sweet and Gay.

Converſe

Converſe finds there its firſt and chief
Delight.
The Splendor of the Day, and Pleaſure
of the Night.
'Twas there I left my Soul, and found
her Mind,
The Wonder, yet the Pleaſure of Man-
kind:
Farwel all Joys, except ſhe will allow,
I come to beg, and fetch them from her
Brow.
Ah! there I'de kneel, and pray I might
expreſs,
The Beauties and the cauſe of Happineſs
But ſhe well knows they're to her ſelf
confin'd
There bounteous Nature, all her
ſtrength combin'd
To make the fineſt Body, nobleſt Mind.

III.

SInce all the content of my Life depends upon giving you theſe reiterated aſſurances of my Paſſion, you muſt, fineſt *Mithridatia* forgive me, if I ſeize upon all opportunities to tell you, I am now arriv'd to that degree,

degree, that living and loving you, is one and the ſame thing, and that nothing but the expiration of the one, can be the deſtruction of the other; the loſs of your Favour will make me miſerable in exceſs, but the end of my paſſion depends upon nothing but death, too violent a remedy for any thing but the dreadful misfortune of your unkindneſs, not ſo gaſtly, if I know my Heart, as to make me rather bear that burthen than ſhun it; but if you will incourage me to throw away theſe melancholy Reflections, and make me deſire to preſerve my life for your ſervice, Accept of that Love which properly makes a Life, and which, under the ſevereſt diſpenſations, ſhall be pleaſant to me with your kindneſs, the greateſt Bleſſing I beg of this ſide Heaven, and of Heaven I beg it. Since the Reverence and Reſpect, I will uſe ſo great a Bleſſing with, ſhall be ſuch as Angels ſhall not think Criminal, my deſires have been regulated by that Virtue which makes my Paſſion ſuch: My Friendſhip ſhall be Juſt and Conſtant, my Fidelity

ſhall

ſhall be as uncorrupted, as the ſweet *Mithridatia* I adore; and the Admiration I have for you ſhall be ſo particular, as excluding all poſſibility of other Temptations; My Love ſhall Saint us; confirm this Paſſion of no common Nature, by all the Holy Obligations that ſuch things can admit: Let our Vows, our Promiſes make as firm a Contract as Love can tye, and if I purſue you not all the days of my life with ſuch unceſſant peals of kindneſs as to Mankind, is now a ſtranger, make me the unhappieſt of Men; for I am content you have this Reſerve of baniſhing and ruining me, the moment I digreſs from what I ſay, you need not tell me of what any Mortal would dread, but I never preſume to trouble you with that. Did your confidence in me bear an equal ſway, I ſcarce know what could hinder you from preferring my Love before that of other Men, nay, all the World, ſince nothing in it ever lov'd a Woman more, or more ſubmiſſively; the uncertainty of telling you this, and the care I muſt always take to preſerve

ſerve the niceties of your Reputation before my own Happineſs; make me decline the Bleſſing of being near you, to give you theſe more diſtant Diſcoveries, I ſhall not expect you ſhould be under ſo great inconveniencies in this place to make me returns of the ſame nature, but I muſt, and do upon my knees beſeech you to make your Eyes and Tongue the meſſengers of my Happineſs, you ſhall, with your permiſſion, receive, when I can make an anſwer to them this way, for God above knows I had rather ſpend my time in this, or in rhe pleaſure of your converſe, than in all that my ambition or wiſhes can aſpire to, Adieu, forgive me this, *Callimicles*.

IV.

I Come ſweeteſt *Delia*, upon ſo ſad an Errand, as will require both your Generoſity and Compaſſion, to extenuate the misfortunes that attend it; 'Tis, Madam, to take my leave of you, and by that Word and Action of Parting, to tell you I am as unhappy as a Man

Man diveſted of all he can call or think ſatisfaction can be ſuppoſed to be; 'tis true, the great part of my Life looks like a continued parting, but diſtance is a great aggravation of abſence, and I am more unfortunate, as the ſpace is greater between me, and that which alone can allay the troubles of my Life, or add to its content; The truth of this, Madam, is as great as that I have a Being, and fixed upon my Soul in ſuch indelible Characters, that to live and have reſpect for you above the reſt of the World, is one and the ſame thing. Give me, deareſt Madam, the delight to know you deſire it ſhould be ſo; and it ſhall not be in the power of any thing Humane to make it otherwiſe; This Paſſion implanted by all the irrefragable Arguments of Reaſon and Inclination, ſhall purſue you and your Intereſt, in all the ſhapes of friendſhip Gratitude and Service, ſhall pay you all thoſe Duties the cenſorious World admits in acquaintance, and all thoſe which Reverence and Fidelity impoſe upon one tyed by Vows and Love; if

this

this condition charming *Delia* presents its self agreeably enough to obtain your Opinion of its being a Happiness desirable; scruple not to let me know it; 'twill be the only companion I wish in my journey, a permission to entertain my self with an assurance you will instate me in so great a Bliss will be all I now desire. Oh my admired *Delia*, make me as irresistibly yours by Obligation, as I am inevitably so by Passion; not that I can wish more reasons to be so, than I have, but that I would not have you want one to conclude me so; I hope you will forgive me if I am now more importunate than ordinarily in petitioning your Favour, and that I presume to give you this Note at this time, 'tis to beg of you, and I do it this moment upon my Knees, that you will add something this Afternoon to what I know you design me, that may convince me of my being in your Favour; let me in plain words without a dash, receive some such expression, as you do not usually part with; in return I will present you

with Services ſhall be legible enough for you to underſtand, no Mortal was ever more in love; the Sun can as well ceaſe his motion as *Po.* loving, you ſee how little I prize my own preſervation, when I am always acquainting you with what you make uſe of to my deſtruction; However, I muſt, and do with all imaginable ſincerity, proteſt my Vows and my Love, are the never to be parted Companions of my Soul, joyn'd by the force of Inclination, and ſecured by Laws, both Humane and Divine. Adieu.

Joy is taking of its flight
Deareſt Delia, *How ſhall I*
Live when Life is out of ſight,
I believe I ſhall dye.
Nor is the Eye at leiſure here
To ſuffer the inſtructions of the Ear
The dull inſtructions of Advice
May fit the Happy or the Wiſe,
What can the wretched have from Hope?
Or can it my Deſtruction ſtop?
Or if it could, 'twould be a grief,
To find in abſence a relief.

My

V.

MY Deareſt Dear Lady, every way Dear to poor *Call.* Where alone it isthe faithfulleſt Servant living, ſearches for what is moſt valuable upon Earth, his Pleaſure, his Ambition, and his Love terminates all their Wiſhes there, diſtant from thence every thing looſes both its Nature and its Name: Quiet is a ſtranger, Content is not to be found, Time, the Soul, and Eſſence of every thing turns to torment to the then dear Authoreſs of all my Joy I have, and inſeparable from my Thoughts. Doth *Call.* ſend this little and imperfect Atom of his Love, from larger Worlds of Thought; this Seaſon having made him a Creature of Contemplation and Devotion: I do from the truth of the one, and conſideration of the other avow, that I am ſure I know his Soul ſo well, as to ſwear for him; he has more Love, more Admiration, and more Fidelity for dear *Mithridatia*, than all the World beſides

ſides for the reſt of her Sex; Oh Madam, I am in no humor to Lye, and yeſterday being Sunday, where I eat the food of Angels, may all its Holy nouriſhment turn to my deſtruction, if ever I forſake or love my charming *Mithridatia* leſs; this is not the impreſſion of a ſuddain Paſſion, no Madam, years before you ever knew it was my Adorable and admired *Mithridatia*, my Choice both by Reaſon and Inclination; But alaſs, What a Bar has Fate thrown betwixt us, will you be angry if I repeat what I told you the laſt time I had the Bleſſing to ſee you, come, it muſt be, it will be ſo; The old Parliament Gentleman chear'd up after Sixteen years deſpair. I ſhall yet live to own to the World a Paſſion, that you too much truſted in your laſt; Ah *Mithridatia*, I am ſo little able to ſupport my ſelf under the affliction of your diſfavour, or under the ſeeming guilt of any thing derogatory to that reſpect and love, under which I have vowed to live and dye, as I have ſent this to *Mithridatia* to beg, and beg it I do with all the

earneſt-

earneſtneſs imaginable, that ſhe will ſend me one kind Line by this Bearer, and to diſſipate my Fears ſhe will bid me come and lay my ſelf at her Feet; Firſt to tell her of my Love, and then how it was my Brothers Buſineſs with my Mother, which I have been forc'd to adjuſt, there being accounts between them, that has created me much trouble; but how can I talk of trouble, when I have all that can be called ſo in your unkindneſs; that I cannot bear, oh dear Madam, let me no longer be left deſtitute of all I can think or eſteem happineſs, let not that be laid to my Charge, which whenever I contract upon my ſelf, I withal bring a Sorrow that is as inconſiſtent with my Health, as Light and Darkneſs. Well, my dear *Mithridatia*, adieu, deſpiſe me not for my Demerit, nor yet for my Age, for upon my Salvation I have Love enough to hide thoſe blemiſhes, and Courage enough to dye for you, rather than live for any Woman elſe upon Earth; and to convince you of the truth of what I now ſay, I am come this moment out of my

my little Grove, where I have invoked the Holy Angels to witneſs againſt me to my Creator, whenever I prove falſe to my Vows. Ah Madam, I muſt loſe the Image of my Maker, and the reaſonable Soul wherewithal he has endued me, when ſuch villanies enter my Breaſt; and till then diſdain me not from being the moſt paſſionate, the moſt faithful, and the moſt obedient of Men, *Callimachus*.

VI.

I Should be unfortunate beyond expreſſion, if the Malice or Deſign of prejudiced perſons ſhould leſſen me in the Favour of her, to whom I pay a Homage of ſuch a nature as I think in the Eye of Heaven, cannot be deemed criminal or defective, if there be ſuch a thing as allowance for Humanity, if ſweet *Mi.* find it guilty of either I ſhall ſubmit to her Cenſure, but 'tis too unhappy to be at the mercy of others, for what they are not concern'd in. I beg you to diſtinguiſh between thoſe who prefer you before

before all the World by Inclination, and those whose envy pay your Merit an unwilling acknowledgment in their emulation; we both in our way do you right, but I wish such a Joy as my own Happiness is not more engaged by it, than the content I take in your being more deserving than all the World. I beg leave to tell my amiable *Mi.* there dwells not in the Soul of Man, a Passion more securely guarded by Fidelity and Respect, as the one will always make me love and admire you, the other will always oblige me to do it in the manner you will approve, so that till you find I grow disobedient, give me not death by your unkindess, and when I change from what I have so often vow'd to Heaven and you; then my Charming *Mi.* may I become not only the scorn of every one, but an exemplary punishment of him that made me; May I dye unpittied, and my Grave be filled with infamy and reproach, when ever I forsake the only Woman upon Earth I ever lov'd (for by that great Argument Comparison, it is so,) then

then why will not my Adorable *Mi.* be contented with my Love. When ſhe can tell her ſelf it is ſuch an one as the dull World is yet a ſtranger to; it purſues you Madam in every ſhape, Obedience, Duty and Submiſſion are its attendance; my Fortune and my Life ſhall follow you to the laſt period, be but then contented I ſhould live, and that impulſe which has told me, ſo a thouſand times, tells me now we ſhall yet live to get of the bright ſide of the Cloud, and end our days together, and if I fail you, may I never ſee the face of the Holy Beatitude: Adieu; Let me hear the next Poſt, unleſs you deſign me more miſery than I can bear. *Calli.*

VII.

I This day, Madam, found two Papers with Superſcriptions that ſoon recalled thoſe Thoughts, that either publick or private Buſineſs had ſet on work, like Atoms that Stormy weather had ſet on float, retire when the Calm arrives; that Centre, Dear *Me-*

thridatia, (if I may ſay ſo) did all the wiſhes of my Soul repair to, yet not to be ſo firmly fixed, as to be without ſuch agitations as Love produces, I was glad to ſee, yet feared what I was to ſee, and now *I* find my fears were not ill grounded; for after all the redreſs I found was a long reproach, Two whole Letters loading me with Injuſtice and Falſity, that never found a moments Reſt in any part of my Soul. What? did I go down to you to avoid you? And did I call at——going and coming, on purpoſe to miſs you? Had I ſpent my time in ſome of your Buſineſs, that I might keep it from your Knowledge? Why ſuch contradictions? Why ſuch impoſſibilities, to contrive my misfortunes with? Why did you not throw a thicker Veil over your unkindneſs? A dim ſighted Man may look through this, but I muſt not ſee, yet you force me too; For why ſuch pleaſure in reſigning up my Vows? Why ſuch ſuddain Declarations? that you wiſh no other cauſes of my Service, than my Service; you would have ſcorn'd that Notion

at

at another time, as much as I prefer the Honour and the Love of Serving you before any other thing. and so you bid me adieu. Ah! How well do you know that is a farewel to all my Content; and how little I deserve this, let your own Reflections judge? You applaud my Generosity, Madam, But would it not prove the gratefullest effect of it? To bid adieu to my pretensions, and make in that Sacrifice, room for the more fortunate. Ah! Madam, I am scarce fit to write in the Humor I am in, my Soul being heavy to death; The All-seeing Powers know, I wish the World yours, and my little one in it, you should be sure of in spight all my great misfortunes; Your intelligence, Madam, I much admire, but were you halfe so kind to poor *Call.* as to lying Fame, you had been greater proof against such weak Assaults. Well, Madam, I'l trouble you no more now, but since you have made me so frank a Present of all my Vows, they come seasonably to my Relief. I send them to you all again, born upon the Wings of

thouſands more, and tho' they never reach the breaſt of my unjuſt *Methridatia*, I lay them all at her Feet with Love and Friendſhip. Well, for your Comfort, I am as little happy as you wiſh me, but when I am that falſe wretch you repreſent me, let Diſeaſe and Misfortune be my portion, and when I break one of the Vows I have made, ever to love you, may I be pointed at for the baſeſt of Men. Adieu.

VIII.

HAving but one ſource, deareſt *Delia*, from whence I derive all my Happineſs, and but one refuge to appeal to in all my misfortunes, I hope you will no more repine than wonder, if you be the object of all my Addreſſes; 'tis from the joint conſent of both theſe, that this preſumption arrives you, and the Fate of both depending upon you; it were as unreaſonable as impoſſible to expect any other redreſs; Give me leave therefore to tell you, that retiring into this little Cell, to ſpend thoſe Minutes

nutes I can call my own in contemplation of what is ſo diſtant from all but my Thoughts, I was aſſaulted with ſuch melancholy Reflections, upon that Diſcourſe of charming *Delia*, which Subject I too well remember, (that my endeavours to love her leſs would be an obligation) if you had obſerved how it ſurprized and oppreſſed me, then, when I was with you, and when I had a thouſand pleaſures (like Showers upon a Flame) to allay it: What influence do you think it hath now, when I have nothing to withſtand the cruelties of that Conſideration. For my part, I am of opinion it gave me more trouble and more misfortune than you wiſh your greateſt Enemy; but there being no Entertainment worſe than that of Sorrow, I will at leaſt exclude it from this Paper, and tell my *Delia*, that having lain under this preſſure till it became inſupportable; I was neceſſitated to that recourſe of thinking more upon *Delia*, than what ſhe ſaid, which I own to have given me all, and the only quiet Moments I can en-

joy in abſence; Had you ſeen how diligently I ſearcht thoſe Treaſures of Bliſs for an Antidote, I cannot but think in pity you would have given one your ſelf to the Man that dies without you, and wiſhes not to live but for you; ſurely you would *Delia*, yes and have reverſed the very mention of what carries with it Death, and ſo great an impoſſibility of Obedience: If I err in this, dear Madam, or am thought to have done too much to reſcue my ſelf from the tyranny of Grief, my ſubmiſſion ſhall yet inform you, I am unacquainted with preſumption; nay, I will rather chuſe to dye and love you ſilently, than loſe one drachm of your eſteem by an unpardonable Arrogance; Ah *Delia* did you know how madly I dote on you, you muſt be troubled at that cruciating thing you ſaid to me; Tell me Dear, tell me who is that happy Man, I muſt be made a Sacrifice to, for were there not that in the cauſe, why, after ſo many years ſervices of Duty and Fidelity (the ſtricteſt Man ever paid) Should I be wiſhed out of the World,

for

for there is no difference betwixt that, and what you would have me do; However, use me as you please, for never, never will I change from the vows I have made ever to love you, and to aver the Truth of what I now say, could I invent greater Curses than those I have already wished on my self, when ever I am that perjur'd Villain to renounce my Fidelity and Faith with you, I would by them conjure you, never to persecute me more with that which will bring me to my Grave; but as my Religion binds me to believe those I have already sworn to, will disrobe my Soul of all the Lustre and Bliss I wish it; so will they, I hope, be of consequence great enough for you to depend upon poor *Pol.* who has no life under your disfavour, which if you'll deign to preserve, shall be laid at your Feet with more Devotion, and more Delight, than ever Gums or Incense were offered by the most Seraphick Hermite. Adieu, my most admired *Delia.*

IX.

'Tis Joy upon Joy, Dear *Madam*, to have a long, (probably) an unlucky day, crown'd with the delight of hearing from ſweet *Aſteria*. Thoſe Evenings are the propitious times that bring me a recompence for all my pains; that Salves all, Cures the diſtempers of a troubled Mind: What ſhall I ſay, How ſhall I thank the dear Fountain of all my Joy and Pleaſure? 'Twas laſt night I received the Bliſs, 'tis this Night, Darling, that I pay my Thanks; let ſuch a diſtribution of my time ever be my Fate; Let me ever be receiving or acknowledging Benefits from that place, which makes the leaſt Favour more materially my Happineſs, than the greateſt elſewhere; Ah deareſt, ask me again and agan, when you ſhall ſee *Orantes*, do ſend me a thouſand ſuch Queſtions, I'le anſwer them in a thouſand—— when you'll permit me to ſee you; till then I'le only ſay I ſee nothing elſe, that

that can divert me, I have just sigh't enough to conduct me from one trouble to another: Thus the kind Turtle parted from his Mate, passes by a thousand Objects, and only mourns at all he sees; but met, their Joy, their Life and Love are through each others Bill conveyed. Deareſt *Asteria*, give me one quarter of an hour, sit down and write all that Love inspires, shew me its strength in that kind Glass, it may flatter, and yet be like; That Art our fineſt Painters study, and Colour now set off the Features, it is impossible my sweeteſt, fineſt *Asteria* to Treat thee so; nay, contrary wise How dull a Rogue should I be, if I were call'd to Limn thee so, all I can say, can never tell the World, how much thou deserveſt my Passion, and my Duty, nor how much I love; but whither could I flye? to thy Arms I cannot? What matters then my poor remove? But not to be too troublesome, I will only add the firm resolution I have made, that as long as Heaven endues me with Reason and Sence, I will love *Asteria*, and nothing else,

I wiſh my Period and a Thought, contrary to this, may have one and the ſame Moment. Adieu.

X.

THey that court Contemplation moſt, cannot brag of being more obliged by Her and all her Helps, than I, when I was laſt forc'd to repair to her for ſome aſſiſtance, againſt thoſe misfortunes which began to attack me, when I was driven from that place, which neither compariſon nor expreſſion will permit me to deſcribe; the time, deareſt *Delia* obliged me with all the quiet, the Emblems of Death afford, Silence, Night, and the general retirement of all; but *Poli*, would have eaſily fed an ambitious Fancy, that he had all the World to himſelf; the Stars were full as bright as thoſe which wandring *Marillo* changed for his Miſtriſs's want of Love; The Birds that *Dion.* curſh, for hindring Thought were all at reſt; nay, Earth it ſelf had got ſo ſoft a covering, my Horſe could make no noiſe.

Ah

Ah Deareſt *Delia*, How do you think I ſpent the Night? or rather can you think it poſſible that the Beauties and the Charms I quitted, and the Paſſion I brought away, could make me ſpend it otherwiſe than I did; Bleſt Providence that made Thought not only the beſt argument of Man's living, but the beſt way to diſtinguiſh him from other parts of Created matter. I Thought indeed, and in that world of Thought, 'twas only *Delia* liv'd, and ſhe appeared from thence as irreſiſtible, as unparall'd. I did not long enjoy the pleaſing Contemplation of the one, without the more ſevere one of the other; thoſe very Powers which made her inevitable, rendred her alſo inacceſſible; all the conſiderable occurrences of my life, ſince that moment, I had the preſumption, or rather the neceſſity of telling ſweet *Delia* that I lov'd, repaſſed the track of Thought, through which they had gone; gueſs then how many Storms I had within, which all the calm without could not allay, but futurity being ſo perfectly oppoſite to what

what is paſt, I muſt not expect to ſupport the one, with what may ſerve the other; give me leave therefore to tell you, that death being infinitely my deſire before life, without my love for *Delia*, that Paſſion muſt be unexpreſſibly miſerable without her Favour. Ah Madam, I were unworthy and falſe to my own Reaſon, if I ſhould not ſay, your Favour is ineſtimable; but ſince Heaven it ſelf is attainable, May I not lay at your feet all the Service, all the Juſtice, and all the Fidelity, which Love, Merit and Gratitude have made irrevocable, and beg your leave, that theſe humble Emiſſaries may in my abſence, make uſe of their interceſſion; I know they offer nothing which comes not alſo (like Tribute to the Sea) from numerous ſtreams; But Juſt as well as Great, they who can leaſt capitulate, have moſt reaſon to be protected.

Thus petty States are oft preſerved
When greater Kingdoms are denied,
Where is your Mercy, if deſerved,
Or Power, when a Title's tried.

XI.

XI.

SInce a Power above my own wiſhes, Deareſt *Delia*, permits me not to chuſe my own Happineſs, I am forced to think it one to compound for ſuch as I may hope to receve thus being now denied ſeeking for pleaſures as innumerable as there are Beauties in *Delia*'s Eyes; I muſt beg of my Charmer to tranſcribe them from that Copy; indeed I may not only read the Beauties of her Perſon, but the Ornaments of her Mind. I know not how kindly ſhe may deſign to uſe me in the deſcription of the the one, but the other muſt be natural, and I cannot but confeſs, nay, bind it with an Oath, that in abſence I always found the power of *Delia*'s Wit, enough to Eternize my Love and Reſpect, without any reflections upon her Face, and I muſt as firmly vow, That whenever I had the opportunity to make my Senſes my Judges, I always thought it ſufficient to be under the Dominion of her Eyes, without

without considering the Beauties of her Mind. But since I have heard of those who have been reproved for entertaining charming *Delia* upon this Subject, I shall only say, that it is not the first time my Love hath submitted to my Obedience. Ah, dearest *Delia*, let me hear from you, for I long to have some of those new Delights renewed, which this kind of Converse affords; Who can love as *Pol.* doth, and not seek to redress the miseries of Absence? Who that loseth the pleasure of one Sense, seeks not to indulge another? Who that is obliged to Thought for the greatest part of his Content, can live without seeking it some subsistance where Passion and Friendship meet; the integrity of the one obtains a Pardon for the other; What, fine *Delia* may not approve from her Lover, she may from her Friend: and it being yet disputable on which side the excess lies; sure where they both joyn, you must less doubt the truth, than I your reception: Dearest *Delia*, they both sympathize in the Message, and both beg of you

you to think upon poor *Pol.* And to conclude, he thinks of nothing but you: believe him in abſence as miſerable, as he believes *Delia* meritorious, dreaming and reſolving upon nothing but his Fidelity and his Love; both theſe, Madam, ſhall take their meaſures from your directions; Oh, do but ſay how I ever can or ſhall ſerve you, and I will a thouſand times ſooner diſpute being Happy than Obedient, *Polierchus.*

XII.

IF to all my Affliction I muſt meet with the addition of being ſo miſinterpreted, as to have the deſtruction of that life attributed to me, which Heaven knows I would preſerve with the loſs of my own, I have then ſcarce another misfortune to look for, nor indeed, ſhould want one to diſpatch me, were I not in Reaſon as well as Opinion convinced, that upon conſideration I ſhall be acquitted by that very breath that accuſed me; pray conſider whether ſuch a condition be

conſiſtent

consistent with what I have offered, if nothing else will do, think whether laying down every thing but my Soul to serve *Delia*, can have in it the thought of her prejudice; all this is at her service every hour of the day, but a thousand Worlds should never be my temptation for a days sorrow to her; give me not therefore this new wound, and throw that which is tenderer to me than my Eye, or my Heart; Ah charming *De.* heal all these by believing I love you with a Devotion above that of Authorities, as you might do all my other miseries, if you thought I deserved the Cure; No *Delia*, live, and live as the finest, the worthiest, and the most charming Woman alive ought to do, and with this assurance, that whenever I must wade through a Sea of Miseries and Afflictions, nay, to death, to contribute to that happy condition you deserve, by all that's Sacred I'le do it; having said this, and vow'd once more by the Eternal Powers, that I will perform it, I will say no more. And now give me leave to tell you, that

all

all kinds of Obedience, being as much your due as any ones, I will try what I can to live to ſerve you, till you require the other; yes, I will ſerve you with ſuch Reſpect, with ſuch Paſſion, and ſuch Care, as neither you nor the World ſhall call me in queſtion; Ah *Delia*; With what Tranſport did I find out that word *Hope* in yonr Letter, I know I perverted it to Senſes you never meant, it was but a ſhort Content I enjoyed by it, therefore pray forgive me, but in its moſt limited Senſe I muſt acquaint you, that it gave me more redreſs than all the Phyſicians in Town could do; truly I muſt confeſs, I was in a condition very different from what I am in at this momoment; and tho' I try to recover, only that my relapſe may be more dangerous, I will nevertheleſs obey you as faſt as I can, and ſhall long of all things to hear, whether it be in my caſe better than Sacrifice; Bleſt Angels hover about you, and if it be true, that as faithful Guardians they inſpire Dreams for our direction; may they infuſe into your Soul, the

great

and humble Paſſion I have for you, *Delia* will then know that no Mortal had ever more obedience than I, nor more power than *Delia*; make uſe of it, Madam, as you pleaſe, till Nature in my laſt Tragedy incapacitate me, you ſhall never fail of ſuch effects, as the greateſt Merit, and the greateſt Love muſt neceſſarily produce. Adieu.

XIII.

YOu muſt be ſo abundantly ſatisfied, not only of the Notion I have of Happineſs, but of the foundation I have laid of all I wiſh in this World, that it is impoſſible you ſhould think *Call.* the perſon you repreſent him. Beſides, knowing, fine *Methri.* ſo generous as to have ſome kind of content in making others happy. I am naturally led to the ſad Reflections of my own Imperfections; when I enquire for a reaſon, why I ſhould always be ſo unjuſtly and unkindly interpreted: Oh Madam, How can you ſay that the declaration of Contempt

tempt for charming *Methri.* would have lookt like the Sentiments of my Heart; but that you can never believe what I have made my whole buſineſs to convince you of: Beſtow a moment, I beg of you, to conſider, whether I were capable of ſaying the one, ſo long as Heaven Bleſt me with my Reaſon and my Sence; and think whether I deſerve to have the other ſaid to me; believe it, *I* have had no ſuch pleaſure ſince *I* ſee you laſt, as to want this allay, nor ſo unmindful of what is now the inſeparable attendant of my life, as to merit this reproach. But how can you force your Reaſon to make ſuch a conſtruction of ſomething elſe *I* ſaid; as to conclude, *I* have taken ſuch pains to deface that *Idea*, which is ſo infinitely preferible before any other object, 'tis true, *I* ſaid ſince *I* admired you, and before you knew it; amongſt other attempts, *I* reſolved to try the Philoſophy of expelling Fire by Fire; but having given you an account of the ſucceſs then, *I* wonder you could infer any thing but the contrary of what

what you did: Since that Bleſt moment wherein you deigned to know you were in my Thoughts the fineſt Woman living; *I* hope you do not expect *I* ſhould give you Thanks for the obliging aſſiſtance you ſo readily offer me, or that in favour of your kind proteſtation, *I* ſhould this Poſt, according to your deſire, ſend you word, *I* am in want of your help, no Madam, *I* muſt tell you, that all the Trials you can find, not all the Charms of the Sex, not all the power of *Call.* can make me endeavour, deſire, or think of ſo great baſeneſs, or ſo much misfortune without horror; imagine then how infinitely you have afflicted one that loves the ground you tread on, one that would lay his Fortune and his Life, as he hath done his Love at your Feet, to obtain your Favour or Belief; But how impoſſible is it for me to enjoy theſe Bleſſings under the unhappy condition of Abſence, where Malice, Emulation, and that ready Inclination that always waits upon you to make the ſevereſt and moſt undeſerved

deſerved Interpretation of whatever I can ſay or write, will ſtill render me unfortunate. Well, ſweeteſt *Methridatia* live, aſſured whatever Fate attends me in this unparallel'd concern, it ſhall be the laſt of this nature that ſhall ever poſſeſs my Soul, and that as you may ſecure me with all delight imaginable, whatever Paſſion, Reverence, or Fidelity made any Man, ſo under all misfortunes, you ſhall never diveſt me of theſe Reſolves; adieu, if you will throw one Thought upon the greateſt Fidelity in being; Let me not waſte my tedious hours away in trouble of this kind, but ſend poor *Call.* ſome ſuch expreſſions as have often fill'd his Heart with Joy, in return you ſhall be preſented with treaſures of Love and Reſpect in a Heart ſo full of Obedience, as ſhall make you as abſolute in your power, as you are in your Merit. Adieu, Adieu.

XIV.

SInce the pleaſures of poor *Orantes* increaſe with the health of ſweeteſt *Aſteria*, How do you think he is engaged for every moments care taken to preſerve it; I know he is every day making it his buſineſs to requite the Obligation, and if I am not miſtaken, or rather too ſhort liv'd, I fancy I ſhall live to ſee dear *Aſteria* convinced; Love, Friendſhip and Fidelity, are the Ballaſt of his Soul; Ah Madam, they carry his little Pinnace ſteady through all Storms and all Climates, and when he parts with them, may his Veſſel ſink, I long now for the happy time, but that ſubmiſſion which always guides me, is not now to fail me; well fine *Aſteria*, Nature hath no ſtronger ties, no not thoſe that hold the World together, than thoſe that keep the faithful *Orantes* in your ſervice, and you in the Heart of him, there it is you reign ſolely, that little Monarchy, adorable *Aſteria* is your own; it is not in the power of

of Humane race to hinder it, and nothing but death can dethrone you; Yes *Asteria*, By the Eternal Powers 'tis true, and may I dye poor, unpitied and without friend, when I am perjured, or break the Vows I have call'd Heaven and all its Angels to witness to; no dear *Asteria*, *Orantes* would be the most inhumane, barbarous and unjustest of Mankind (the inferences from which will make up the greatest Imposture living) if he could admit a second Love to triumph there, then why may not the more powerful, and the more meritorious *Asteria*, love as well, and as long as *Orantes*, when once 'twas vowed; Why doth not that Law of the *Medes* and *Persians* tie the one as well as the other; Ah *Asteria*,

You can't, you must be none but mine,
And may I perish, when I am not wholly thine.

XV.

XV.

I Am, deareſt *Methridatia*, ſaith a Miſcellanie of Paſſions rais'd by hope of that tendereſt compaſſion which ſo ſurround *Delia*. and ſo depreſt by fear of my own demerits, that being unaccountable to my ſelf, it cannot be ſuppoſed I ſhould give any other relation to charming *Meth.* than that I love in ſpight of all thoſe Calms and Tempeſts, whoſe ſuſpence is a freſh torment; Ah ſweet *Meth.* if I am to hear ſuch news as will bring all the joys and quiet that can keep me alive, or can allay a thouſand terrors, let me not be denied one minute from you, to inlarge upon *Delia*'s reſolution, whether ſhe will depend upon *Pol.* for her Content, and Happineſs, as he doth upon her for his Life, and every Breath he draws. But if inexorable Fate dooms me to more than I can expreſs; and *Delia* gives up her ſelf to another, that ſhe may own her Conqueſt to the World; a little will ſerve to gueſs at what involves him in

unſuitable Sorrow, and what, I think will carry me to my Grave; Oh *Methridatia*, *Delia* is your Friend, perſwade her I may live; tell her, 'tis pity ſuch a maſs of Love and Faith ſhould be hurried to the lower Shades; tell her I will be her Skreen at Noon day, to keep her from the heat and violence of the Sun, and at night my Eyes ſhall keep a ſtrict watch to guard her from the evils may happen; Do *Methridatia* tell her all this, and let me tell you, if ever Paper were attended with wiſhes violent enough to force ſucceſs; this comes ſtored with enough, indeedi as many as ever the proſpect of the greateſt Bliſs or Terror of the higheſt Miſery, extorted from the Breaſt of Mortal. Adieu. For till I hear I have no more power to allow a word to any other Subject, than Misfortune hath to make *Pol.* alter his Faith and Love, that is to be his longeſt companion on Earth; wit that (let *Delia* uſe him as ſhe pleaſe) He reſolves to ſtemn all Tides, being aſſured as he can never be happy

without it, ſo can he never be ſo miſerable as to be diveſted of that ſupport in the moſt unhappy condition.

If Delia *gives me a Reprieve,*
I ſhall be be Bleſt, and wiſh to Live.
Yet Delia, *'tis not fit I die;*
I'le live, and ſhare thy Deſtinie.

XVI.

IF ſo mean an aſſiſtance as that of wiſhes could contribute to the Happineſs of the meritorious *Methridatia*, there are enough ſent her by the Humble *Call.* for a *Newyears*-gift, to make her Bleſt to ſuch degrees, as her Thoughts cannot reach. Mental Services have always been the conſtant offerings of the greateſt Lovers, and Heaven hath always placed them amongſt the prime Oblations; but on Earth there is a material difference that attends, not our Sacrifices to thoſe above, for there the Mind of them that pay, ſet a value upon what they pay; But here it is the inclination of them that receive that, ſtamps the

the Eſtimation, which being ſo, I dare not preſume to lay a greater claim to the merit of what I offer, than what ſweet *Methridatia* will permit, and that I fear depending upon the Humor this may find her in; I can but make very uncertain meaſures of what will be its fate; it comes charming *Methri.* to let you ſee, I will begin this as I ended the laſt year, and to beg you will give me leave to make this proteſtation, That nothing but death ſhall hinder me from performing theſe ſervices, or any other I can pay you as ſucceſſive as the years of my life; nothing comes incompaſſed with ſuch advantage, ſurrounded with ſuch Glory and Beauty as can divert my Thoughts, or looks one moment, no *Meth.* know that I———

Without a change or taking turn,
Only for you in ſilence burn,
Let your ſound Reaſon judge for me,
You'l ſee I can no others be,
Unleſs deſign'd for Miſery. Adieu.

XVII.

YOu ſeem'd ſweet *Methridatia* ſo inclinable to oblige me with the favour of your Note, as I could not but think you extremely unkind, to be ſo hardly perſwaded to what I have often told you is ſo great a pleaſure: But I begin to think you were in it more generous than at that time I apprehended; and that knowing how many things in the World diſcontent me, you declined giving me the occaſion of increaſing their number; if therefore my importunity drew upon me the misfortune, I confeſs my ſelf properly chargeable, yet I cannot but ſay, there was a great deal of cruelty in the Fancy that dictated, and in the Hand that inflicted ſo ſevere a Sentence, as with ſo much Wit, and ſo little Kindneſs you ſhrouded under the ſeeming Obligation of Liberty: Oh *Methridatia*, Do you think it is ten thouſand to one, but ſome new Object will come to deface the Impreſſions you have fixt in my mind, and

and that rather than fail, I ſhall be rifling my Memory to recall the *Idea* of ſomething that may be agreeable enough to divert my Thoughts; Severity, Madam, could deſign, nor Infidelity deſerve no more; if you really believe me this Man, or if I am ſo, I unworthily aggravate my Crimes by the preſumption of coming near you, and ought to die; and if you think me not ſo, I am made too unhappy in your Expreſſion; But too charming and too unkind *Methridatia*, was it not enough to render me odious to my ſelf, but from the faults I will ſooner expire than act, to lay a foundation for the liberty you are reſolved to take; Ask, ſweet——whether this be not too much, I dare ſwear, ſhe will ſay it is probable my Misfortunes may, my Guilt will never oblige you with ſuch a freedom; But if it may be allowable to anſwer for my ſelf, let me ſay, if either a part or future proſpect could have prevailed ſo far upon my imagination, as to have appeared under a poſſibility of redreſſing my misfortunes; I

have not had more reaſon than time to put it in execution; Flattery or Change, Madam, never found way into my Soul, ſince that fatal time of renouncing my own Power, and ſubmitting to Time, *Mithridatia*; I was never beholden to the hopes of Happineſs for thoſe reſolutions my Reaſon obliged me with, in preferring you before the race of Woman-kind, nor was I ever frighted with the Image of my ſufferings from one of thoſe Vows, by which I have united thoſe various emotions that too often hinder our conſiderations in what we undertake; without arrogating therefore to my ſelf, I am as ſure as our condition on this ſide Heaven will admit, that no exterior Object can dethrone my Sence, my Reaſon, and my Reſolution to make room for any diverſions, except ſuch as reſult from the contemplation of *Mithridatia*'s Merit; I am therefore, Madam, with or without your permiſſion, under a fate impoſſible to be removed from, in point of Opinion, and as unalterable in Practice, If ſweet *Methridatia*

datia would think the Service and Reſpect of my Life were a fit offering to be accepted. *I* am reſolv'd to find a way to take my leave to Morrow in the Evening, in hopes you will not be ſo willing to Manumiſs one that courts his Chains, before the Liberty to you ſo eaſily give; and who in abſence knows no other pleaſure than to contemplate upon thoſe Delights he had in ſeeing *Methridatia* laſt. Adieu Soul of my Soul, never to be diminiſhed by time or misfortune in the thought of poor *Callimichés*.

XVIII.

IF you be convinced, your Happineſs or Misfortune depends upon the Paſſion and Reſpect that is paid you by *Call.* pray conclude upon the firſt, if it be poſſible for him to confirm it, for *I* here call all that is powerful to atteſt this Proteſtation. that rather than make you miſerable, *I* will not only quit my Delight, but my Life. Nor do *I* think the Compliment ſuch as to make you ſcruple

its belief; for if all the pleasure of my days consists in the Love I pay you, What reason have I to wish the length of that time, which doth but but give me a duration to my ruine and destruction, in making that which is as dear as my Soul, unhappy; I am now past all those doubts which attend new taken up Passions; I must love you, but that Love will make me wish my end, rather than your misfortune. Oh *Methri.* it is but your resolving to make us both happy, and we will be so; if poor Mortals are not deluded in their Belief, nothing creates it but Love and Fidelity: And I do here invoke Heaven to punish me with all the Afflictions the *Ægyptians* ever knew, when I cease loving my admired *Methridatia*, or break those Vows I have made to serve her, till I am no more; Yes, *Methridatia* may, and Sufferings be my Eternal Reward when I love you not, as now I tell you; we should be too happy could you love the faithful *Calamiches* half so well. Adieu.

When

When thirſty Feavors ſcorch up all our
Blood,
We Dream of Rivers drinking up a
Flood.
When we are prey'd upon by fierce deſire,
We quench not, but are adding to the fire,
An abſent Love hath torments of each
kind,
Deſtroys the Body, Macerates the Mind.
Fears in their horrid ſhapes appear to
fright
Diſpair, cloath'd with thick darkneſs as
the Night
Permits, not hope to look through that
black Veil;
Nor can our Reaſon thoſe high Moun-
tains ſcale,
Which are between our Joys and us. Ah-
Dear!
Light, that can'ſt ſcatter Miſts, make
Diſtance near,
Shed thy prolifick Beams, and ſhew
poor C.
That he is happy in his loving **D.**

XIX.

DId Sweet *Aſteria* know how fearful poor *Orantes* is of being troubleſome, and yet how impoſſible it is for him to reſiſt any opportunity, he would be forgiven for erring on this ſide; it would be an unſpeakable torment to him to be injurious to her Repoſe; But he hath begg'd theſe may be always laid aſide till ſome auſpicious moment gives them admittance, they are truly, the only Entertainment he hath, which gives him any content or eaſe; they unlade a part of his Sorrows by ſending them to repreſent the Sence he hath of being wounded in the tendereſt part, but Heaven hath reſerved the Knowledge of our Spirits to its ſelf, for who can deſcribe Pain, or paint Sorrow in its true ſufferings, and yet there is ſomething both ſo certain and unaccountable in our Souls, as methinks I know and feel my dear *Aſteria*'s troubles, I am ſure, I do enough to make it the greateſt Grief and Affliction that ever

ever reacht my Soul; Ah, when ſhall diſconſolate *Orantes* hear *Aſteria* mends and is chearful; 'tis an Age ſince thoſe Joys arrived, but ſure you are not ſo wanting either to Heaven or your ſelf, as not to promote them to your Power; but I fear I am too long, Guards of Angels attend you, tender as my wiſhes, may my diſaſters never load you, nor my Prayers never fail you; may all I have vowed be my Damnation, if I leave you, and may you live to be convinced beyond a doubt, that *Orantes* prefers his Fidelity before his Life. Adieu.

XX.

I was not more loath to leave the ſweet Authreſs of my Joy, the night before I came away; then I was troubled not to ſee her the Morning after, but I was ſo plagued with the diſorders and noiſe of a company of Excize-men, who were going out of Town, that I was forced to get up; it was like midnight when I paſſed by the Door of my Deareſt

Delia.

Delia. Beſides, the Snow and the Winds were ſo exceſſive ſharp, that I was near being cured of all manner of trouble by their having taken from me the ſence of Pain; indeed I put my Face almoſt benumm'd into the weather, and can ſafely ſwear I never felt ſuch Cold before, nor have yet recovered one of my Hands, I had that day a Conviction, that our Soul's are moſt imployed when the Body's uſeleſs, for I only knew I lived becauſe I thought; and how often did I think of the vaſt difference betwixt what I enjoyed over night, and what I then wanted; that mighty diſproportion, deareſt Madam, lookt moſt diſmal, I had no charming *Mithridatia*'s Eyes to warm me, no inchanting of *Delia*'s Tongue to allay my Griefs, no meritorious *Aſteria* by me, and for an addition, that cruciating Thought, like Wild fire flew about me, for not having paid the Duty I both deſired and ought to do; I had all the afflictions were wiſht me by a power which can as eaſily inflict them, as ſhe can confer Bleſſings;

Ah

Ah Dear Dear, wiſh me no ill, for if you do, may this hour be my laſt, if I wiſh to proſper; you have my Life and my Happineſs, and I may ſay without preſumption, my Salvation depends upon you, it being abſolutely in your Power to make me a better or a worſe Man, as you pleaſe; Why may it not then be the firſt: Have we not often, my dear *Delia*, concluded ſomething in our Natures, our Humors and Reaſon ſo alike, as if Heaven had deſign'd but one Soul betwixt us; and will you not take care of your own? Ah *Delia*, deny it not, and you ſhall have a Life ſpent in your ſervice, the expiration of which ſhall only end it; but I muſt now leave this, and tell you I am again incouraged to go to *London* and there being ſome things which are the common intercourſes of acquaintance, as ſuch diſdain, not to know you muſt command your faithful *Pol.* Ah *Delia*, (this is buſineſs) He hates to mention any thing in love, but what the niceſt Thought of *Delia* may allow from the Humble and Paſſionate *Pol.*

Who

Who has not a leſs ſolid, tho' a different foundation, who has *Indies*, tho' not Golden ones to offer, Empires, tho' not ſo groſs as Intereſt and Ambition lives upon. Ah *Delia*, Heaven and the Powers above (of which the Mind of Man is a Type,) confirm what I ſay to you for Truth, and ſhew you the vaſt difference betwixt the laſting power of Merit, and the ſhort dominion of Deſign; but whether am I falling, let ſome proſperous Gale direct my Paſſion into *Delia*'s Breaſt, ſweet, ſafe and happy Harbor, let me there unload all that Love, Fidelity, Religion and Honour ever made binding, and let *Delia* take choice of all *I* have to offer; nay, ſhe muſt refuſe none, it being the gift of Heaven as well as mine; well, Adieu, all the Bleſſings of Heaven deſcend upon you, quiet Hours, ſoft Dreams, and ſteady Friends be your Portion, and let me beg you to believe none ſo much, ſo as your unfortunate Lover *Polierchus*.

XXI.

SInce all the ambition of my Life receiv'd its Original from, and hath its termination in fineſt *Methridatia*; How pardonable is it, I complain of the unjuſt diminution you make of that Merit which gave my Paſſion its Being, and is the happy aſſurance of its duration; it is of the higheſt concern poſſible to me, to oblige you to believe, that I think you what you are, but 'tis very ſtrange you'll not own what you know you are; 'tis yet ſome ſatisfaction to ſee what Arguments you are forced to ſupport your diffidence withal, either to reſolve I muſt be ignorant of what I make appear I know, or to diſown your own knowledge, rather than believe what I vow to be true, Charming *Methridatia*, be not any longer injurious to ſo many attractions as make all can be paid your due, nor to that Love which beſides being its own deſtruction, would in its Falſity, be my Infamy and misfortune. But conſi-

der

der, had you not upon a long Contemplation been preferible to me before all the World, you had not been my choice, and had you not been that, my Paſſion had been impoſſible, now my Reaſon is its companion, and being determined by a Power which can confer what the nature of Reaſon and Love can deſire; there can be no greater aſſurance of its continuance, than your Favour; give me that, deareſt Madam, and believe me Juſt, and it ſhall not be in the power of Second Cauſes to violate in our Caſe, that Order which Nature in other things is ſo careful to preſerve; my Happineſs ſhall depend upon my Love, that upon my Vows, they upon my Reaſon, and all upon *Methridatia*'s Merit; as the Spring, the only ſweet Fountain from whence to derive upon paſſionate *Call* the pleaſant moments of his Life; Call not this Folly, Madam, nor think it ſo eaſily alterable, at your own, or any other bodies pleaſure; for had you an equal Obligation both from your Judgment and your Inclination to value *Call.* before

any

any thing elſe; you would not know where to look for either Power or Will to reſiſt the ſweet violence of a particularity: But becauſe this Caſe is not like to arrive from the inequality you will always find betwixt your ſelf and others; yet muſt you not by this Rule judge them, eſpecially poor *Call.* whoſe unhappy defects make his pretences to any right in your kindneſs impoſſible, but yet cannot ſtop the tide of that Ambition which riſeth as far as Admiration and Reſpect will admit; I cannot give you a greater Inſtance of both, than when I tell you that nothing hath been more my wiſh and deſire, than your being ſatisfied to allay the terror of Abſence with this kind of Converſe; but ſince you ſay 'tis troubleſom, and I cannot be obliged but at the expence of being diſagreeable, I will endeavour to moderate the heat of thoſe impatiencies which yet I cannot ſo regulate, as not to wiſh for a Note to day; But pardon me, if I err in the moment, I pretend to repent; and indeed I fear your own Declaration looks

too

look like a Civil notice, that mine are too frequent and too long, yet I cannot forbear saying, that if I have any Sence, you designed my making use of it, when you tell me, if your observation fail not, the heat will be over by that time you return. Oh *Methridatia*, it had all the Cruelty imaginable in it, to answer for one, and pardon me if I say all the disobligation and injustice possible to include the other; it carrying with it all that can conclude me miserable or infamous: No Madam, I have not built my Passion upon the hopes of Happiness, it had misfortune in prospect, but it lookt not grim enough to divert me more from loving you to come in that State, then it did long ago under a suffering Silence; you cannot therefore be free from my Respect; however, I may be divested of your Favour, which yet I will prosecute with a life so spent in your Service, as shall make you wish I had more Merit, to have been made more Happy. Adieu.

I never found, seeing my Love one day,
Could the Delights to morrow brings allay,
Each day produces various Joys,
And Pleasure doth consist in Choice;
Why then should this Converse which must supply
The Powers of Sence meet a worse destiny,
It ceases to be Love or Joy, when we,
Cease wishing them Eternity.
Down Rebel Fear, the Just Asteria,
The pleasant Charming Methridatia,
The fine, the sweet the generous Delia,
Will not refuse the Duty that I pay
Because 'twas humbly paid them yester-day.
Absence that preys on Thought when this Relief
Cannot be had, turns all to Fear and Grief.
Now Love and Hope at work Command in Chief.
By these two Messengers be pleas'd to know,
That Streams do not more naturally flow
To their dear Ocean, then my Soul to you

That

That Sweets from Flowers, perfum'd Gums from Tree,
That Virgin-Honey from the laden Bee,
Are not so sweet as one kind Look from D.

XXII.

IT is not my charming *Delia* without a mixture of all those apprehensions which make up the greatest Concern, that I ever now receive the Honour of a Letter, the Joy to see it, and the fear to find in it any thing ruinous to my Love, are always endeavouring to supplant one another, and truly I cannot but say I found enough couched under a serious and grave stile to set my Fears on work; for dear *Delia*, should it proceed from a diffidence of my Love (as sure thus many years has convinced you I can never change) I will waste away this wretched Life in despair; Yes Madam, if my Vows and Oaths, which Heaven only knows I have made, without those I have paid at your Feet, will not secure you to this Breast, and

perſwade you I will carry this Paſſion to my Grave, I am not fitting to live. Alas, to break with you would be barbarous, inhumane and baſe, I am not arrived at ſuch Villanies yet, and when I do, let my end come, or what is worſe, be every Man's wonder. Then give me leave to hope you believe this, and to ſend you a Vow taken from the bottom my Soul, ſent with a Paſſion and Fidelity inferior to none I ever read of, that if you will keep me alive and give me leave to love you, it ſhall never violate the Rules you ſet to your own Goodneſs and my Duty, nor ever know decay till *Pol.* His great one, Ah deareſt *Delia*, believe poor *Po.* that is ready to dye for Love and Grief, to read a melancholy Letter, let me implore you not to queſtion my Faith; but to conclude me as unalterable as the decrees of Heaven; come *Delia*, the Sun will yet ſhine, and we ſhall yet live to appear our ſelves. Charge not your ſelf for not ſearching the World, nor do not lay ſuch Corroſives as too many of them will cauſe

the

the death of the passionate *Poli.* Adieu Soul of my Soul.

I Love thee more than Misers do their Wealth,
Than Captives Freedom, or than sick Men Health.

XXIII.

I Was in such great hopes that the Saturdays Post would have brought some account of *Delia*'s Health, as poor *Po.* hath wasted his whole Day with expectation and wishes, but the Post is come and no news; if it be designed as a continued piece of severity, *Po.* submits. But since he cannot but dread every accident which hinders his hearing when dear *Delia* is not well; it may easily be guessed how uneasie he is, all his Treasure is in one bottom, and how natural, at least how frequent is it, to make the apprehensions of a ruine, almost as great as the ruine it self; indeed *Po.* is extremely concerned as ever I saw him in my life; Alas, he is so far from omitting

ting any opportunity of ſending, as were the conveniencies every hour of the day I dare ſay, *Delia* would miſs very few, for he ſpends them all in thinking of his Deareſt; and his only Concern. Truly all the tenderneſs that the Soul of Man hath, is imployed, when we fear for that dear Friend; you muſt let me ſome way or other, know how you are, or torment me to death; order ſome body to write two words, for I would not have you venture your Eyes yet: But alas, what do I talk, you may be dead, you may be any thing, I have not heard theſe three Poſts; Ah how wretchedly miſerable has this made me, if fatal this arrives, farewel to Joy with as much reſolution, as I will welcome Death, which the Holy one knows I will do, whenever I loſe my *Delia*; I was in hopes the worſt had been paſt, when *I* left you, and if ſo, Why do *I* not hear from you; remember what Grief and Sorrow plunged me into at the beginning of this great misfortune, you know *I* am but juſt recovered, and if you have a mind to

defer

defer my death, have a care of the moſt deſerving of Women, for 'tis to her alone my Services and my Life are Dedicated; Fidelity is not more your due, than 'tis my nature, therefore whatever Calumnies from Malice or *I*gnorance *I* may lie under, you can anſwer for me for many years: *I* pray take it here for an undeniable Truth, bound with all the reitera-Vows and Reſolutions my Soul can make, that only at the Feet of my charming *Delia* will *I* breath out my Love and my Obedience in my laſt breath; my Love ſhall end with my Life, and when that goes my Eyes ſhall cloſe up the Image of my Adorable *Delia*; Let me hear, *I* beſeech you, as ſoon as poſſible, for if ever uncertainty was pain, it is now a torment, an unſpeakable one to me; Ah *Delia*, What did *I* not leave you well, and of ſuch a Diſeaſe, how cruel is the mention of it? Why did not Fate permit *Po.* to bear the burthen; *I* repent the word, for *I* ſhould eſteem it one, tho' it were my deſtruction: Ah think how loth *I* am

to

say Farewel to all that is my Joy, and all that is my Life. Adieu.

Witness this Truth for me, ye Rural Powers,
Such as inhabit Groves, or sit in Bowers:
You watry Nymphs, and such as dwell in Shade.
How oft to you was this confession made?
Witness you nimble Spirits of the Air,
And you its Quire who sing away your Care.
I tried as many years as most have lov'd
To save the Heart, hath so defenceless prov'd
But as some Warlike Nation grown too great,
And numerous for its Native fertile Seat;
Sends Colonies abroad to dispossess
Those who made Home-bred Ease their Happiness.
Too much confined, tho' in vast Empire She
Conquers no less than general Liberty
Such Force victorious Delia did display,
Night could as well resist the approaching Day,

Yet have we seen a thickned watry Cloud,
Sometimes attempt to be the Morning Shroud,
And as the mighty spreading light begun,
Tried to withstand the lustre of the Sun,
Such weak attempts hath Reason sometimes made,
But how like Clouds did opposition fade.
Tell her, Oh tell her, ye Powers above,
I am made up of Duty and of Love.

XXIV.

Did you know how valuable every little is that comes from the Head and Hand of fineſt *Mithridatia*, there would have been more care taken than to have let ſo great a part of that little ſuffer Martyrdom before it came to Tryal: Nay, having made *Call.* Judge, I am ſure the execution had been deferr'd till they had been companions in deſtruction; But remember you are accountable to me for the Ruine of what I eſteem above the value of anything, but ſuch an reparation as you can make, and having

ving now ſo fair an opportunity of appealing to your generoſity; think not I have ſo much as to loſe it; nay, had I as much as generous *Methridatia* her ſelf, I ſhould dare intrench upon what ſhe prizeth ſo much, or rob her of ſo great a ſhare, as ſhe hath now occaſion for; Know then the thirſty Earth was never more covetous; nay, that I have in this caſe a Soul ſo great, as not to be contented with leſs, than what the Nobleſt Perſon living can give in compenſation, for what was almoſt ineſtimable; expect me therefore to come and dun you. I ſhould not be in a condition to have entertained any one ſo much at random upon this Subject, if I had not been laſt night bleſt with the happy news of a friend of mine being recovered of a Diſtemper I dreaded, a perſon ſo dear to me, by all that merit and obligation can inſpire, and I muſt beg of you to congratulate with me. Oh! Compariſons are odious, yet I muſt ſay, that neither *Methridatia* nor *Delia*, (both whom I am ſure you admire) put together, have more Charms, ſhe

hath as well the awful Grandure of the one, as the more gentle attractions of the other: She hath the smart Wit of one, as well as the sweet and conversible temper of the other; she wants not those Beauties that variety in Humor gives the one, nor those several Graces wherein the particularity of the other abounds; that misterious kind of negligent Charm in one, which makes all sorts of Persons and Tempers follow her, whilst it neither looks like pain or design in her: nor that irresistible Power in the other, which never yet fail'd her whenever she design'd it, either for Bliss or Punishment, have not in either kind made them more considerable; then this friend of mine who hath that easie unexpensive, yet bewitching Civility of the one, which makes every one doubt, whether their Happiness or her Kindness be possible; and that more peculiar advantage in her particular converse which in the other, makes the Friendship and Fidelity she would preserve inviolabe. Oh Madam, no attra-

tive or admired quality in the Soul of either of these, exceeds what my friend enjoys; nay, there is so great a resemblance as would you give me incouragement, I should not despair of pleasing you upon this Subject; since the Picture I should give you of my own, would be almost the Character of your two Friends, who seem to be both born to be like mine; for she hath the fine Hair and Eyes of one, the sweet moild Shape and Mien of the other, Motion and Cloaths are as much her Friends, as she is happy in defiance of both. Negligence or Design being ever thought best, as she is found in either; but I begin to fear you will think me as fond of the Parallel as of my Friend, and doubt whether I love yours or my own best, and if so, I am in some hope also, that you will begin to suspect your self, and truly I think not without reason, for if in sweet *Asteria* you can find all the Charms, that are in *Methridatia* and *Delia*, Why should you not be contented to contract what now you are

forc'd to divide; but if not, I will propose this, That I will promise to gain you all the Friendship and Interest imaginable in mine, if you will endeavour to set me firm in the Opinion and esteem of your Friends; Oh did you, or would you know the pleasure of such a Converse; this little parcel of Friends, with almost any misfortunes else were more preferible, than what the World in great mistake, besides Calls great and pleasant; the thought of it makes my Cell a Paradise, its enjoyments admits no parallel; Adieu, I do not intend to take your forgiving this for any part of the recompence I expect, for the using Wit, and may be kindness, as the *Romans* did the Bodies of diseased Friends; theirs was Honourable Interrment, yours was Murther. Adieu.

XXV.

IT is no wonder if all that ever represented it self, obligatory to the Mind of Man, appears with advantage

fi antage when it comes under the consideration of my Love, for this great Merit and great Paſſion may have been your Obſervation; yet it is ſo ſeldom that theſe are ſupported by foundations, great as any of themſelves, that poor *Po.* may not only Bleſs his own Fate, but ſurely convince deareſt *Delia*, that if a ſence of having been tyed by Honour, the higheſt Obligations Intereſt and Friendſhip can Eternize the Thoughts of a Gentleman; He may then ſay, change, misfortune, or ambition can no more dethrone the Sweet, the Charming Image of my Adored *Delia* from the Soul of *Po*: then the Giants, (thoſe Monſters of Earth,) could *Jupiter* from Heaven; no, *Delia* is there; neither can the Objects of moſt proſperous or adverſe condition make her leſs abſolute. To this I ſign the pureſt part of that Fidelity Heaven endued me with, to you, oh deareſt *Delia*, I ſend as many and more Sighs than here are Letters; a croud of Thoughts and Wiſhes inſpire my paſſionate Soul; Yet I muſt keep within bounds:

So adieu, Million of Bleſſings ſurround you.

XXVI.

ALas Dear *Aſteria*, to ſay *Orantes* loves, is but to ſay he lives, and to own its due to *Aſteria*, and the Obligations ſhe hath conferred, is but to ſay I have not loſt my reaſon, and that I am not the baſeſt of Men; truly I boaſt not, but *I* rejoyce that Gratitude and Fidelity are as inſeparable from my Life, as Life from my Soul; Where is the place, What doth *Orantes* do, that makes your diffidence his misfortune? Ah *Aſteria*, examine all your unkindneſs can ſuggeſt? Think how it is poſſible for him to be unjuſt, whoſe Fidelity by being his recompence is to be his happineſs; beſides, is not *Aſteria* my deliberately choſen Object, have I not in a croud, as well as in private, ſworn, no Man's choice was ſo well fitted to his Mind? Ah Madam, I muſt loſe the name of Man, and turn to that of Beaſt, whenever any temptation or bait fetch thaPaſſion

ſion from my Soul, or one ſpark of it from my Breaſt, which I have ſworn to you: No, *Aſteria*, my preferring you before all the World, has only made me wiſh to have my Life prolonged; thoſe only being the darling Moments of my time, that are ſpent in *Aſteria*'s Favour, and Service; then conclude, no exchange, no barter for ſuch Joys, whenever I do, may I break, grow wretched, and dye unpittied. Adieu.

XXVII.

THE Bleſſings of a Favour from my delightful *Aſteria*, is ſo perfect a reward for all my ſufferings, as I loſe all my reſentments and forget being unhappy whenever ſhe preſents to my view, the dear Paper filled with Kindneſs and Wit. But why ſhould I ſay this, methinks it is like thanking you for miſſing the firſt Poſt, or complimenting the priviledge you have to put poor *Orantes* upon the rack, that you may give him

the pleaſure of a Cure; Ah charming *Aſteria* you know your Power, and 'tis no matter what I confeſs, *I* am ſure you know that all my Streams of Bliſs being derived from one ſourſe, I ſubſiſt no longer than the benign Fountain gives her ſelf; and how great, how pleaſant an one is it to find ſweet *Aſteria*, arguing me into into my own Happineſs, that my ſafety ſhould be the effect of her Care and my Joy, the product of her Love: well, ſure it is not what *I* am, but what I think ſhe would have me, that makes me happy; for I never can give any account of my ſelf, but as *I* am ſenſible of the ſoft impreſſions of her kindneſs, or the ruffer impulſes of her Favour; I muſt therefore now with all the force of Love and Gratitude, own the delight you gave me, at thoſe two irreſiſtible Charms of Wit and Kindneſs, and deſcending from a perſon ſufficient to inſpire Love without them both, are enough to juſtifie the truth of my profeſſing to devote to ſweet obliging *Aſteria* my Love, my Life, my All; they are

yours

yours Madam, by the undoubted Right of a thousand Merits, and a deathless Passion, secured by all those Holy invocations, that our Reason commands us to hold binding; Ah *Asteria*, your dear Image is no more to be divided from my Soul, then my Soul from my Body; my Love and my Life shall know but one end; I am big with expectation of hearing this day from whence the only good news of my Life can come. I sit telling the hours as I have a thousand times done the miles. When I have wished the heavy Horse could flye; truly dear *Asteria*, every thing that comes from you has such a reception from me, as the thirsty Sands gives to the joyful Showers, such is the esteem *Orantes* makes of every thing that looks but kind from *Asteria*, but its no fit comparison, yet surely *Asteria* that knows he loves beyond all things on Earth; knows he will at any time make himself the price of *Asteria*'s kindness; let that be a valuable price, which is all I have to offer, and the rather Heaven knows

that

that ſhall never want to be offer'd, well, poor *Orantes* loves and ſuffers, and could dye before any misfortune ſhould diveſt him of that Reſpect which will live in his Soul, whilſt Breath is in his Body; 'tis as natural to ſubmit to *Aſteria*, as 'tis to live, and to live and love is all one; Ah Madam, How long could I entertain you, and how little reaſon is there to ſuſpect that I have any other pleaſure. Adieu, Adieu, Bleſſings ſurround you.

XXVIII.

HOw doth *Delia* melt her Oil into my Wounds, and then for fear they ſhould heal too faſt, applies her Corroſives, prepares *Po.* for the hardeſt of Fates, with ſo ſweet a Lenitive as opiates all his Grief: But alas, when I go but two Lines farther, ſhe ſays her Inclinations are far beyond Sea, Why, what hath *Po.* done to deſerve this great misfortune; Hath he not always clothed his Love in that true genuine Paſſi-

on

on of his Soul? Has he not offered his Blood to expiate any misfortunes of hers, and would he not at this hour drain every Vein to convince her, Man never lov'd so madly as he does: Yes *Delia*, its true, I want neither Resolution nor Courage, if your Quiet can be bought at no cheaper rate: then why, if it be a Dispute, should not *Pol.* carry it, and keep two such Loves, as separation in this kind would absolutely bring destruction to, within the four Seas; Ah *Delia*, Where can you be within that compass, that you and he may not meet often and advise? for if he live, he will make your ease the care and scope of all his time. Yes *Delia*, he has vowed it when the most ambitious and covetous has been at rest, and he now swears not to perform it, if Honour and Truth has not forsaken the Soul of Man. Ah *Delia*, I have a thousand unexpressible troubles upon me, for fear you should be perswaded to that which will undeniably prove my death. 'Tis not Affectation nor Untruth, my admired

mired *Delia*, as I am a Christian, that it stops my Pen and Sight, accept the Tribute I may with your assistance wipe these from my Eyes, but never can that Sorrow which any affliction of yours will make inseparable from my Soul; could I be supposed to live without *Delia*, my Life would be either a miserable Knowledg, or a dull ignorance worse than death; Is not this Argument then a fit concerns my Being, and indeed both our Interests of weight enough to carry the Ballance; but as our Love lies so hard at stake, there is nothing ought to come in competition; Sure *Delia* did this to try her faithful Swain, one who will out-do *Cassandra*, and will not be unfortunate as long as she is Just: Come we have liv'd on the cold side of the Mountain a long time, Blasts and sharp Air have blown upon us, if we be near enough to help one another, we may climb over, go round about, or like *Hannibal* make our way thro' with Vinegar; we may get on the Sunny side, and though our Tubs be

no

no bigger than *Diogenes*'s, we may have nothing to desire of *Alexander*, but that he would stand between us and the Sun. Well dear *Delia* think of this, it will be ill driving us to despair, when we may not be past hope: Adieu; I have not a worse Enemy to my Quiet than my Fears, as *Delia*, will manage them; She may ease the torment of her ever faithful Lover *Polierchus*.

XXIX.

SUre nothing suits the genius of this Age, worse than *Orantes*, for that like a rowling Sea sends Billow after Billow, and every Blast changes the face of the great Ocean; He, like the weather-beaten Shrub upon the Beach, flourishes never the more for a Calm, nor withers in a Storm: Dear *Asteria* is the Rock his Love grows upon, there's Merit enough for the Roots to fix in; he is now at leisure to consider the foundation all alone, free to

Thought

Thought, the Reins are now looſe, *Aſteria* is the ſole Object, he ſees her with his Eyes ſhut, hears her at a hundred miles diſtance, and talks to her at the ſame; Rapture and Dream are not very unlike, yet this hath the better on it, for I can think it over and over again, and am not at the mercy of a ſtarter or a noiſe to looſe the dear Delight: Charming *Aſteria*, *Orantes* is awake, not only thinks, but knows and reſolves, and from his ſtricteſt reaſoning can averr he loves, and ſhe deſerves all, and more than he can ever pay; yet with pleaſure he is endeavouring all the diſpatch poſſible to his deſign of ſeeing and ſerving her; it is his whole buſineſs, Sir *William Temple* makes an ingenious deſcant upon comparing the ſteady temper of the *Dutch* with the more acute Wit of other Nations; he ſays one cuts like a Razor, but blunted by hard oppoſition; the other like a Hatchet, and makes the deeper impreſſion: they are, as he ſays, more dilatory,

but

but more ſure both in their Councils and Diſpatch, becauſe they are always intending what they are about; apply it dear *Aſteria*, and doubt not the effect, 'tis not the trifling Project of ſome one advantage that animates the Spirit of *Orantes*, 'tis no leſs than all the whole Cargo is at ſtake, and then ask what every one doth for that, the Miſer and the Generous are then alike. Adieu, Gratitude and Honour would flouriſh upon any opportunity of ſerving you, and would quit all pretences for this gratification of perfecting what I have ſo often promiſed, what I have been ſo long about, and what I hope to effect; Dear *Aſteria* farewel; when you can with eaſe to your own Concerns, think of one whoſe enjoyments can never amount to a ceſſation of misfortune, till he hath the Bleſſing to ſee you again; Forgive this trouble, and if I may beg it, to love *Orantes* once more. Adieu.

My deareſt, powerful and propitious Fate,
May all thy Hours be Quiet and Sedate:
May'ſt thou be conſtant to thy Love and Friend,
And all that makes thee Happy know no end.

THE

THE Relation of *Delia*'s Concerns, have like the ſuddain Fires you mention, ſtartled me, and made me look round for Refuge; But alas, 'tis no news to poor *Pol.* His Reaſon to hear ſhe hath a thouſand Offers, and what ſhe ſays, is inforced with as many Conſiderations of Prudence; the tendereſt Concerns lie at ſtake, and nothing to ſtand in the way but unfortunate *Pol.* How can I think, that that, which every thing cruſhes can oppoſe ſo mighty a force, Ah *Delia*, my Pen is ready to drop out of my hand, by all that's Sacred, cold and heavy Grief has ſeized my Heart, and my Eyes will no longer perform their Duty; Forgive the little ſtop I make, Dear *Delia*, and I will on again; Is your Proſperity, Happineſs and Honour dearer to me than my Lives Blood? and yet muſt I be the only Man to oppoſe it; Ah *Delia*! to what neceſſity am I brought, that I muſt quit both my Love and my Life; 'tis true, when ever I part with one, the other will undoubtedly follow,

But

But may I not hope my Adorable Dear *Delia* will look once back, and think, whether two Souls, the neareſt being one that ever were made, can now be parted: Conſider it *Delia*, let your Pity be moved to your Slave; and I do here again upon my bended Knees implore your Compaſſion; Deny it not for Heavens ſake, unleſs you will abandon me to all that Cruelty which would make the moſt barbarous Relent. Adieu, my Life depends upon the next, remember I have no Solicitor, none to Appeal to for help, but *Delia* her ſelf: Well, I have only to ſay, that unalterable as Fate, is the Paſſion and Friendſhip of poor *Polierchus*; or may the Eternal Powers for ever hate him. Adieu.

FINIS.

An Advertiſement.

FOR want of Care in the Printing, ſome Miſtakes are made in theſe Papers, as particularly the Second and Third Letters are joyn'd together, the former of which ends at the Word *Admirer*, Page 9. Line 6. The reſt of the Errors the Reader may correct thus:

Page 3. Line 2. for ſeeing, read *ſuing*. p. 3. l. 15. r. *virtue*. p. 6. l. 4. r. *deſect*. p. 9. l. 2. r. *dwells*. p. 9. l. 20. r. *the ſucceſs in this*. p. 11. l. 16. r. *deſects*. p. 12. l. 9. r. *laſt*. p. 19. l. 18. in ſtead of, I believe I ſhall die, r. *I believe it, I ſhall die*. p. 21. l. 20. r. *cruſhed*. p. 24. l. 15. r. *with*. p. 32. l. 12. r. *Darling of my Thoughts*. p. 34. l. 21. r. *charged*. p. 40. l. 14. r. *Anchorites*. p. 48. l. 1. r. *ſuch*. p. 52. l. 2. r. *ſo little inclinable*. p. 53. l. 24. r. *paſt*. p. 54. l. 6. r. *fine*. p. 56. l. 22. r. *may Death and ſufferings*. p. 69. l pen. r. *Wound*. p. 72. l. pen. r. *I ſhould not eſteem*. p. 74. l. 10. r. *little*. p. 75. l. 15. r. *I ſhould not dare to*. p. 79. l. 2. r. *for great Merit*. p. 82. l. 19. r. *diſfavour*. p. 82. l. 22. r. *ah thoſe*. p. 84. l. 21. r. *for beyond*. p. 86. l. 11. r. *as it*.

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